

THE
WOMAN of TASTE

Occasioned by a late

P O E M,

ENTITLED,

The M A N of T A S T E.

By a Friend of the AUTHOR'S.

In two Epistles, from CLELIA in Town to SAPHO in the Country.

Sequimur, non passibus æquis —

HOR.



L O N D O N

Printed for J. BATLEY, at the Dove in Paternoster-Row. M.DCC.XXXIII.

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P. O. F. M.

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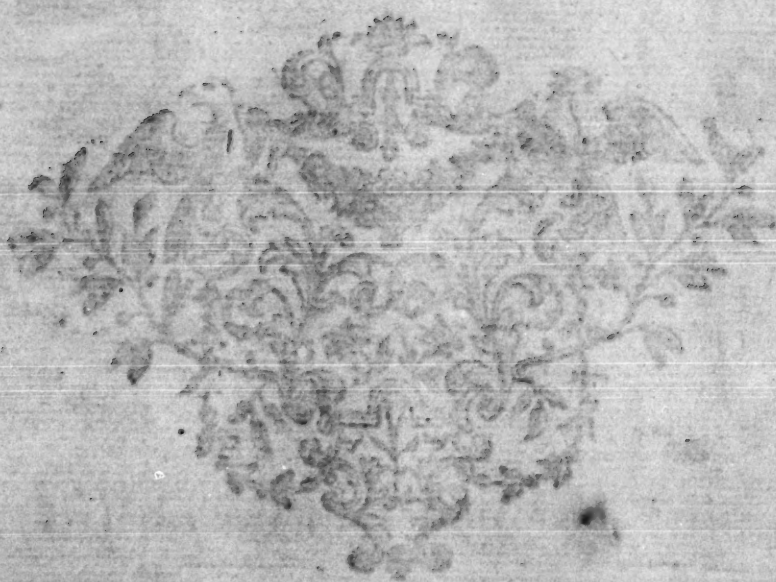


In two Epistles, from CLELIA in Town to SATURN in the Country.

Second Edition, with additions.

1791.

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T H E

W O M A N of T A S T E.

IF *Sapbo* can believe her time well spent,
 In groves and fields, with larks and lambs in *Kent*;
 Ballads and bagpipes in a country hall
 More sweet than flutes and fiddles at a ball;
 Rob'd in her best at village christnings seen,
 And loves an ague, better than the spleen;
Clelia's kind letter then in vain persuades
 Her *Sapbo* from her fountains and her shades;
 To leave her purling brook and filbert walk
 With Peers to sup, and Dutcheffes to talk;
 More pleas'd with Almonds bought at *Easter* fairs,
 Than tea each morn, and citron after prayers;
 That sovereign cordial which relieves us still,
 When fainty at the chapel or quadrille;
 When nature yielding, finds her strength decay,
 O'ercome with too much piety or play;

And

4 *The Woman of Taste.*

And without spirits, cannot for her soul
The sermon longer mind, or play the vole.

But if the lines I send have power to move
The heart of her I pity and I love ;
And aw'd by friendship's, or by reason's power,
For a gay park to quit a gloomy bower ;
For beaux and Barons she can leave her lawns,
Her mother's poultry, and her father's fawns ;
Soon as she opens this, she will away,
Desert her springs to glitter at a play ;
Now plan a song, and now attempt an ode,
And chuse the newest square for her abode.
With her elixirs more, nor opiates seen,
But drops and bottles for the hip and spleen ;
Vertue now taught by wits to ridicule,
To sigh when merriest, and to faint by rule ;
Extremely grave, to church, when she can get,
Talking two hours of dressing and picket ;
A passion while she prays for *Ponto* feel,
And in one moment both intrigue and kneel.

The letter now supposes you in town,
Your heart quite alter'd with your stays and gown ;
Changing your manners with your glove and shoe,
And with your head-dress the whole woman new :

The Woman of Taste.

5

Of her old thoughts and notions quite bereft,
No atom of the *rural Sappho* left;
Instead of moping woods and musing streams,
Meadows and milk, her dairies and her creams;
Music and masquerades, silks flower'd and plain,
Courts, Rings, and Birth-nights, fluttering in her Brain.
Who now can feign a transport or a grief,
And feels her genius lean to unbelief;
A maid or wife knows nicely to behave,
To smile or pout, be witty or be grave!
Her heart all joy in deepest mourning clad,
Her visage chearful when her crape is sad.
Dull with her husband, with her colonel gay,
Much lost at cards, and little left to pay;
Kept up till morning with her trumps and *voles*,
When *Betty* rubs her eyes and brings the coals;
Sleeping all day, five hundred pounds in debt,
And seldom rising till the sun is set:
The lamps just fill'd, and lighted for the play,
The beauteous *breaking* now of *Sappho's* day;
Who viewing from each orb the blaze begun,
Takes every lustre for a city fun;
The lights above less pleasing to her eye
Than *Fleetstreet* heaven, or *Covent-garden* sky.

B

Wou'd

The Woman of Taste.

Wou'd you then please, where-e'er you sup or dine,
And by the modern taste your own refine;
Fetch from abroad your fashions, caps, and creeds,
And like no earthly thing that Britain breeds;
Ne'er chuse a screen, and never touch a fan,
Till it has sail'd from India or Japan;
Which gently waving, leaves your cheek more fair,
And breathes around a soft and sweeter air;
Fragrant the blast, when you the leaves unfold,
The cupids shining, and the sticks of gold;
Unfit to cool, or summer heats restrain,
The figures *English*, or the paper plain;
Whose awkward form, till *China's* artists mend,
The gale must hurt you, and the flirt offend:
'Tis done! 'tis finish'd now by nicer rules,
How soft the breath, and, ah, how fast it cools!

The court you quite wou'd frighten and amaze,
In *English* fashions, or with *English* phrase;
The Duke wou'd stare, the Prince's all believe,
Your brains were touch'd, without a foreign sleeve;
Your fancy ridicule, and habit flout,
And bid sir *Clement* take and turn you out:
Till you had chang'd your manners, and your dress,
Knew more of fashions, and of *English* less,

Unqua-

The Woman of Taste

Unqualified with courtly dames to play,
Or sit, or talk --- if you know half they say,
Wou'd you then grace the box, or ball adorn,
Let none perceive you were in *Britain* born,
From *Paris* take your step, from *Rome* your song,
And breathe *Italian* musically wrong;
In which, by modern rules you shou'd excel,
E'er your own tongue you can pronounce or spell,
Its figur'd vowels dying, soft, serene,
That ravish all, please much, and nothing mean!
The bliss much stronger than you ever felt,
When in a *Latian* throat the numbers melt,
No strain too high or low, too harsh or flat,
Your self all rapture --- at you know not what!
Who with the merry and the sad comply,
And die and smile, as others smile and die;
And while the music does such bliss dispense,
Bid fools deride it for its want of sense.
Displeas'd with airs that sweetly fall and flow,
Our joy the greater still the less we know;
For the learn'd friends of softness, found and ease,
Charo's and *Tamo's* sure must ever please.

But, ah! beware, lest list'ning to the song,
Your transport, or your sorrow, shou'd be wrong;

oT

When

When you shou'd smile or fob, shou'd laugh or cry,
 The hint still taking from a neighbour's eye;
 By a learn'd linguist if you sit but near,
 Guided to start the blush, or drop the tear;
 Or else, deluded by some Syren's breath,
 You may mistake a marriage for a death;
 And seeing lovers' rage, and warriors fight,
 In song --- on fair *Camilla's* wedding night,
 Your bosom, for her fate, with sorrow big,
 Think that a dirge which really is a jig:
 Or you, which still is worse, may call once more
 Loud for a bawdy scene, and cry *ancore*;
 And mark'd, behind your fan for madness rage,
 The jest and laughter of the pit and stage;
 Not knowing when to weep, and when be glad,
 Gigling --- when all the ladies round --- are sad.

The joy of young and old, of maid and wife,
 Ne'er miss the *Oratorio* for your life;
 Singing the bait, devotion the pretence,
 By music drawn, that modern foe to sense!
 Where lofty airs, and humble wit, are found,
 The charge quite small --- five duets for a pound;
 As much each winter funk, to please your ear,
 As wou'd your landlord pay, and sempstress clear.

The Woman of Taste.

91

To make her triumphs and his art the greater,
Here *Handell* kills fair *Hester's* foes in metre;
Flutes keep due measure with the victim's pangs,
Faustina quar'ring just as *Haman* hangs:
Now warbling baudry ---- in a holier post,
Now chanting anthems to *the Lord of Hosts*.
To make the service to each master even,
By *Satan* now employ'd, and now by *heaven*;
And either to displease exceeding loath,
Receives two honest fees to serve 'em both:
The beauteous *Hebrew* pensive for a time,
Married by *Humphreys* to the king in rhimes;
Each pulpit scorn'd, the good reforming age
More fond of morals taught 'em by the stage;
(Which though they may some prelates hearts perplex,
Hit you and I, and all our modish sex,)
A vicious town and court not half so soon,
Made vertuous by a sermon as a tune;
Whose melting notes the souls of sinners sooth,
Who fly from *Gibson* to be sav'd by *Booth*,
In pit or box perform their Maker's will,
Made saints by maxims taught 'em at quadrille;
From *Rich's* hands who absolution take,
Pardon'd by *Cibber* though condemn'd by *Woy-ke*.

Let

G

If

If building is your choise throw rules away,
 Not a room useful, let 'em all be gay!
 Spacious your colonades, your columns fair,
 That passengers may praise, and strangers stare,
 And if the dome is high, and outside charms,
 Ne'er mind your husband's rents, or spare his farms:
 Although you find the pit, when 'tis too late,
 That rais'd your house, has buried your estate.
 Buy, that the gaping mob may stop and gaze,
 Books for their binding --- pictures for their blaze;
Holben's and *Wootton's*, if they look but gay,
 And keep a spinnet, though you never play.
 All joy when *Purcell*, or when *Blow* you quote,
 Humming new airs, not mistress of a note!
 Shadow the art, reality the whim,
 Your bus'ness not to be, but only seem.
 Each year with gamesters and with prudes keep lent,
 With *Tony*, the good *Hampshire* squire, repeat;
 Sigh with young heirs, and with rich widows grieve,
 And pay your debts with *Ward*, with *Ch.* believe;
 With city dames observe your nuptial vows,
 And with good lady *M.* love your spouse;
 With your own husband seldom pleas'd or gay,
 Whom you both kiss, and outkiss in a day.

Let the least breath of wind your health impair;
A morning vapour, or an evening air;
Both heat and cold offensive, quite undone,
Or by too much, or by too little sun;
Faint and impatient under each extream,
Chill'd by a breeze, and roasted with a beam!
Seldom but six fine days in all your year,
Noxious the rest --- too cloudy or too clear;
Which peel your cheeks, or your soft limbs disjoint,
The wind still blowing from some fev'rish point:
Your walks not nicely mow'd, damp *April* dews,
Foes to your feet, and fatal to your shoes;
The lace no longer fresh, or latten fair,
You frown, or pish --- and *Betty* has the pair;
For fear they shou'd her shivering mistress chill,
Order'd to fetch her new ones --- on the bill.

If e'er, the debt unpaid a week, you choose
One friend to see, a dearer to abuse;
The clouds consulting from what point they pass,
Still pay your visit by your weather-glass;
More wise, your self of pleasure to bereave,
Than ride, before your tube will give you leave;
The learned fluid not too low or high,
Assure the blessing of a temperate sky;

Y

And

And the kind hand directed by the air, id itself
 Stands nicely right at *Fattle*, and at *Fair*; v morning
 Else the temptation ought to be withstood, bas best and
 And *John* throw by his whip, and you your hood, v by
 Till with more safety you can drive away, equi bas mis
 Each scandal kept to please some other day; v d by
 Which though it never can be told too soon, and mides
 Well cork'd in *May*, will brisker fly in *June*. ent anioz
 Time to nice falshoods never does a wrong, v hich pecl
 Nothing kept fresh and favory half so long: The wind
 It hurts your ven'son, and it sours your pie, Your walk
 But has no power to touch or taint a lye; v your
 Which long preserv'd, at balls, when ladies meet, The
 Tho' not in pickles kept --- yet still is SWEET. You frow

Whate'er you do, put on a serious air, For fear they
 Trifles important with the modish fair; Order'd to
 Grave be your look, and solemn be your face, v's
 And deeply ponder e'er the patch you place, One friend
 If on the brow or lip it shall be seen; The clouds
 And which the knot, the purple or the green; vll pay
 Your tucker quill'd, fan chose, and ruffles bought, M
 With calm reflection, and with sober thought; T han
 Not qualified to starch your cambricks clean, The learn
 Till free from cares, your mind is most serene: A

Your ribbons various, fit to judge aright,
Which has most charms, the azure or the white;
By which victorious spots most lovers die,
Those on the cheek, or those beneath the eye;
Which has most hearts subdued, or bosoms cleft,
The little armies on the right, or left.

Though men may smile, 'tis yet no vulgar care
A curl to station, or adjust a hair;
However busied, in no lady's power
To form a beauteous ringlet in an hour;
O'er the smooth forehead, with the newest grace,
To guide it, where to shade a proper place:
The time but short, three hours each day, or four,
In the gilt glass, the image to adore;
Which to your heart the fullest transport gives,
And shews you there the fairest form that lives.

Long then debate, before your hands begin
To draw the cross-knot, or to fix the pin:
How great your rashness, every critick knows,
Too long or short to weave the curious bows;
Which drawn too near, or left too far a-part,
May, to reward your folly, lose a heart;
Which half that passion never does express,
For worth or virtue, as for mode and dress.

A strong desire your chince or tiffue breeds,
 But if you are a dowl --- it feldom bleeds.
 Some may a nymph for chaftity embrace,
 But more wou'd like her for her gems and lace :
 Place worth and finery in two different fcales,
 And love her dearly --- if the laft prevails.

If, up and drest, a journal you can read,
 And drink your tea by twelve, 'tis quick indeed ;
 In hafte and hurry mightily improv'd,
 The difhes clean'd, and lamp by one remov'd.
 For the next hour the task exceeding fair,
 A curl to open, or a nail to pare :
 Your fingers active, if, with much ado,
 Your head-drefs can be huddled on by two :
 While in nice portions you divide the day,
 Ten minutes fpar'd to comb, and one to pray ;
 A few odd remnants to devotion given,
 You facrifice to pride, and then to heaven :
 Upon your knees extreamly hard to fall,
 When half the court is romping at a ball.
 How wou'd you ftand the laughter and the hifs,
 To mind your prayers, and your ridotto's mifs ?
 More time at chapels than at balls to fpend,
 Serving your God, though Cibber you offend ?

When

When by devotion you your fame may lose,
Make *Straff-rd* stare, and half the court your foes;
Who ne'er wou'd vote you, tainted thus with grace,
Well fitted for a maid of honour's place;
(Pious at home, devout at sermons seen,)
To dress a princess, or to serve a queen.

The name of rude and rustick wou'd you shun,
Avoid cheap dishes as you wou'd a dun;
And to be deem'd at modern feasts genteel,
On veal and mutton never make a meal:
Your palate then is nice, and taste compleat,
When you commend, nor know what 'tis you eat;
Something extreamly fine as well as new,
In the dear *Olio*, and the high *Ragout*;
Whose relish you applaud, and merits tell,
Then ask a friend what 'tis you like so well:
For oft at treats you may mistake the fare,
And in sirloins disguis'd commend a hare;
The pot exceeding rich, beyond belief,
The ven'son praise, when all you eat is beef:
But if the cook has serv'd it in disguise,
Of course it pleases --- and you ought to prize;
Its curious taste admire, and praise repeat,
And think each man a clown that does not eat.

When

When seated at the board you take your place,
 Invited by his honour, or his grace;
 Though hungry, when you view the fowl or fish,
 Seem nice, and only piddle o'er the dish.
 The rabbits carv'd, from wings and legs refrain,
 And though half starving, only beg the brain:
 The palate only choose, the choicest meat,
 When the whole carp with pleasure you cou'd eat.
 Of all your modish dishes, far the best,
 Ducks from the egg, and chickens from the nest;
 Their flavour delicate, and taste more fine,
 Serv'd up at two, and hatch'd that day at nine.
 Young 'sparagras upon your table spent,
 From *Battersea*, a guinea just *per cent*;
 On these, at *Christmas*, when you sup or dine,
 It is the price that makes the taste so fine;
 Since in your larder nothing shou'd appear,
 But what is very scarce, and very dear:
 Beyond all mortals happy, cou'd you say,
 You tasted plumbs in *April*, grapes in *May*;
 Which both your taste oblige, and eye inspire,
 Swell'd by your stove, and ripen'd by your fire;
 The work of nature by your gard'ner done,
 Without the help of summers or of sun.

To be compleatly modern, ne'er forget
With half your tradesmen to be deep in debt;
Unknown before, this gives you, for an hour
Your eloquence to shew, as well as power;
At the pert woman, or the faucy man,
To vent your passion, or to flap your fan;
To give your self a thousand charming airs,
Rant from your chamber, bully from your stairs;
To call your mercer wretch, your sempstrefs whore,
Pay nothing --- then bid *Richard* shut the door:
Tell 'em you are the daughter of a peer,
And when wore out, then say, the silk was dear;
To buy the piece by treacherous oaths betray'd,
Cheated of half the sum --- you never paid.
Friends to oblige, some milder methods found,
These have a smile instead of fifty pound;
You praise the lace, the velvet, or the silk,
And with good manners your chief favourites bilk;
Desir'd, without a penny of their pay,
To come, and be deceiv'd another day.

But if your vintner still your house alarms,
Rehearse your pedigree, and shew your arms:
The talk will silence half your trading fools,
To boast of hatchments, 'scutcheons, *bends* and *gules*:

E

For

For what good reason else your title given,
 But buying sixteen chests, to pay for seven?
 Instead of answering bills, your patriots quote,
 Uncles of name, and grandfathers of note;
 And ne'er produce your pocket --- but your coat.
 Ruin'd each wretch, who with their betters strive,
 And lose ten guineas to recover five!

Whatever springs or autumns you have told,
 Ah, ne'er betray such folly --- to be old;
 Since ladies now have found a prudent way
 To bloom in years, and flourish in decay!
 Young misses, at a ball or birth-night feeny,
 Sixty as smooth, and verdant as sixteen;
 Whose gay decline of life with beauty glows,
 As *Glassenbury* thorn in winter blows:
 The wash, the curl, the brilliant, and the spot,
 The flaunting lappet, and the flaming knot,
 Studios each morn to try and to prepare,
 Had they but beauty --- none wou'd seem so fair;
 Blest with a flippant wit, and fluent tongue,
 Nought wanting else but youth --- to make 'em young.

To feel decays from time is then a whim,
 If then you doddle, fancy that you swim:

But

But as your looks with graces you inspire,
To melt some gentle lord with age's fire;
Ah, never let it enter in your head,
That your child's child, last month, was brought to bed!
In your own thought no colour half so gay,
Or beauteous, as the grissled, or the gray;
Planning new conquests with the blooming lass,
Your eye more keen, now murdering thro' a glass;
Whose climacterick is a year of fire,
Blessing your grandson, while you charm your 'squire!
What tho' you want your teeth, yet conquer still,
Lions, not ladies, with such arms shou'd kill:
Graceful you yet may lisp, harangue with ease,
And biting ne'er was thought a help to please:
How great the triumphs of an aged eye,
When grand-dames in one week both kill and die!

'Twill be of mighty use, if e'er you wed,
And for a bridal change a virgin bed,
To learn the useful arts, and know the skill,
To mould a husband pliant to your will;
How to direct, and govern all your life,
And yet be thought a most obedient wife.

What cruel man that lives but must comply,
Touch'd by the reasoning of a mournful eye?

Who

Who can resist the suit, and stop his ear
 To the soft language of a falling tear?
 Or, from a woman better reasons seek,
 Than those she utters from a pensive cheek?
 When this for pardon asks, for favour sues,
 The spouse is vanquish'd, and the dame subdues.

If then, in vain you kneel, solicit, pray,
 Tumbling all night, and teasing all the day;
 The pouting lip, sad look, and sullen fan,
 Too weak to move, and melt the brutish man;
 To sooth your woe, one cordial still you keep,
 His heart is soften'd --- if you can but weep:
 Your prayer disdain'd, you vanquish with your grief,
 Which gains your point, and gives your soul relief;
 By a soft falling shower, and gentle groan,
 The gem, the lace, the chariot --- all your own.
 Sigh but twice more, and twice subdu'd, he spares
 Guineas enough to buy two *Flanders* mares;
 Falls on your neck, or leans upon your breast,
 And bids you chuse what silks you like the best:
 Each drop upon your cheek with sadness seen,
 Costs him a jar, a necklace, or a screen;
 Which, to regain your smiles, he bids you buy,
 All won and purchas'd with an artful eye;

Which clears all doubts, and ends all nuptial strife;
And argues better than the wisest wife!

Nor is the prudence mean, or practice wrong,
To breed --- and then for all you like to long;
Since many a stubborn 'squire has lost an heir,
His pregnant bride refus'd a chaise, or chair;
And forc'd to diet on a carp or roach,
Miscarry'd --- gently longing for a coach ---

Whate'er you fancy then to please your will,
A mask --- a pull at picket or quadrille;
Tell him, that fifty guineas lost and won,
Has often eas'd a wife and sav'd a son;
Six trumps, and now and then a healing vole;
When very sick, made fainting ladies whole;
Ridotto's better much than *Gilead's* balm,
To stop a fit, or cure a marriage qualm:
Each wife deliver'd with much greater ease,
When she enjoys whate'er she thinks may please;
Whose appetite with lamb 'tis hard to bilk,
Wishing for lace, or flank'ring after silk;
To buy her chickens, her weak stomach set
On a gay velvet, or a new spinnet:
To rescue the sad dame from death, too late,
You give her partridge, and she dies --- for plate!

Tho' fainting at your stoop, you might have soon
 Brought her to life, by offering her your spoon;
 By your best salver rescu'd from the grave,
 And her, your *Obol* kill'd, your dish might save.
 If still averse to pity, and to please,
 Still have you left one art your spleen to ease;
 Pout when he courts, his passion to withstand,
 And if he fondles -- turn away his hand;
 From your coy neck his busy fingers move,
 And seem to hate the soft address you love;
 His compliments deride, and offers flight,
 And keep him at due distance all the night;
 Quite vex'd, when willing to be kind and gay,
 He finds his *Sopho* turn'd the other way.

If then resolv'd to wed, be sure you make
 A prudent choice of some dear darling rake;
 (For shou'd some formal saint your beauty woo;
 He might expect you to be virtuous too;
 Let him love riot, gaming, and expence,
 And leave dull prudes to chuse for wealth or sense;
 Nicely experienc'd in the dance and song,
 Who reasons little, and who prattles long;
 Does once a week his vows to heav'n renew,
 A tune his collect, and the park his pew,

Sure

The Woman of Taste.

23

Sure to deserve your love, and passion draw;
If at the bar, he thrice has 'scap'd the law;
First in the box, and foremost in the ring,
A busy, brisk, false, fawning, female thing;
Who for an hour, to shew his parts are clean,
Will argue, swear, protest -- yet nothing mean,
Sauntering all day, and dreaming all the night,
The plume he wears less whiffling, gay, and light.
In learn'd antiquity you ought to boast
Some little skill, to be a modern toast;
In the same box an *Otho* and a fan,
Patches and *Cato*, *Brutus* and *Queen Ann*;
A *Greek* all wig, a *Spartan* in a ruff,
And *Roman* consols smear'd with *British* snuff:
Striving, those heads, at any rate to gain,
Whose faces are entire, and titles plain:
And taught by learned moderns, never prize
Medals that *Longth* hoards, or *Fountain* buys,
At every paultry auction in the town;
(Of these *Cocks* sells you ten for half a crown;)
Whose value, for their roughness, you distrust,
Made smooth by time, and half devour'd with rust,
Your curious fancy more delighted with
A *Cæsar*, hammer'd by a *Ronde* smith

Which, with most criticks, very well may pass
 For an *antique*, just cut in modern brass,
 Admir'd by *S-*, and *P-*'s learned eyes,
 And if expos'd to sale my lord will buy;
 Place it next *Didius*, in his curious chest,
 As old and good a *Roman*, as the best.

Wou'd you a daughter shou'd in taste excel,
 First teach her how to dance, and then to spell;
 Let her be learn'd, and vertuous by degrees,
 And always use her feet, before her knees;
 Pay less, her head to tutor than her heel;
 The posture more polite to step than kneel;
 'Twill shew the girl a nymph of parts indeed,
 To learn her gamut, if she quits her creed;
 Preferring play to prayer, and wit to grace,
 For fear at court she else may lose a place;
 The maids all mad to turn their sister out,
 Who shames their order --- and appears devout.
 Her academy her own upper room,
 Her learn'd instructors chose, a nurse and groom,
 Whose genius soon each guardian's care rewards,
 Seen in cut paper, and in piling cards;
 Half *Deard's* gay shop upon her tawdry shelf,
 With habies pleas'd --- till she has one her self.

If

If forc'd at home against your will to stay,
Wear nothing handsom all that tedious day;
To ease your spleen appear a very wife,
As coarse and homely as you can for life:
Ne'er mind what suit you choose, your face, or shape,
Drest in your wrapper, or your flimsy crape;
Your hair dishevell'd, falling fifty ways,
Unpinn'd your tucker, and unlac'd your stays.

The fashion now begins to want excuse,
Before a husband to be clean and spruce;
Neatness not found amongst your wedding vows,
For who e'er dresses now to please a spouse?
Tho' clad in tissues, when your lovers wooe,
After dull wedlock --- *Norwich* stuffs will do.

But when the knocker gives the sweet alarm,
Up stairs you fly, to comb, to dress, and charm;
The casket there unlocking, out you bring
The shining crocket, and the sparkling ring;
The richest brilliant in your box that lies,
To deck the hair, with darts to arm your eyes;
To meet your colonel, swimming down your stairs,
With all your fairest looks and softest airs;
Which, when your spouse comes home, are laid aside,
A lovely mistress, and a homely bride ----

G

Tho'

Tho' much already, to improve your mind;
The muse has said, yet more is still behind;
Scarce long enough, two letters wrote in haste,
To mend your morals, and enrich your taste;
Your genius to inspire, and parts refine,
And teach you in a court to please and shine.

Your hair dishevel'd, falling ffly ways,
Upbraid your tucket, and unlac'd your stays,
The fashion now begins to want excuse,

Before a husband, **S. I. N. E.**
Neatness not found amongst your wedding vows,
For who ever dresses now to please a spouse?
Tho' clad in silks, when your lover was
After dull wedlock: - Wretched thus will do.

But when the knot is tied, the sweet alarm,
Up flairs you fly, and charm;

The casket to the dressing
The richest brilliant
To deck the hair, with to am your eyes;

To meet your colour, twining down your flairs,
With all your fairest looks and softest airs;

Which when your spouse home, are laid aside,
A lovely mistress, and a homely bride...

